

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XL. No. 36

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JUNE 5, 1921

## Myra-Keep-At-It's Daisies.

BY MARY S. STOVER.

WHEN the superintendent announced that they would leave the Children's Day decorations to the Dorcas class, the Little Men, and the Little Women, Myra Arnold caught Edith Bell's hand and squeezed it joyously. "Isn't that great?" she whispered.

"I s'pose so, only those big girls will want everything done their way. Alma's sister is awful bossy."

"There are just three in the Dorcas class now; I guess they'll be glad to have us younger ones help. Hadn't we better talk with them to-day?"

"Why, Children's Day isn't for two whole weeks. Everybody will snub you good and plenty if you go bothering around now."

Myra found her chance the next Sunday morning, when Alma's sister nodded to her as they stood near the door. "What flowers are you planning to decorate with, Miss Ethel?" she asked shyly.

"Oh, I don't know. There ought to be an abundance to choose from."

"Let's use wild daisies," spoke up Nora Smith, who had come to live here very lately. "Daisies show up well, and it is always easy to get them. There were great fields all around the town I came from."

"They are not allowed to grow that way here, but there usually are some along the old Nash road," said Myra.

"You children gather the flowers and we'll arrange them," said Miss Ethel. Dick Vance made a wry face at that.

"Just get Myra started and there'll be no peace for us or you, either!" he prophesied. "At school we call her Myra-Keep-At-It, because of the way she pesters everybody till a thing is done."

"Then I'm sure she is the one to have at the head of the flower gathering," said Miss Ethel. "Bring them here Saturday evening."

Myra took her commission so seriously that she stopped a big farmer to ask about the daisies on the Nash road. Mr. Nelson told her with pride that he and his men had rooted out every daisy they could find the summer before. "There may be some of the pest left in Gibb's hollow," he said. "Pull up every plant by the roots wherever you find one!"

On Monday the boys who lived near Gibb's Hollow declared that there were not enough flowers to go after. Some of the girls said that they would rather have garden flowers anyhow. "Then let's walk around after school and see what we'll be able to get," suggested Myra.

The Little Women were surprised to find that the village gardens promised very little, so the next evenings they paired off and scoured every road for nearly a mile outside the town. "Why, there's scarcely anything in blossom now!"



By J. H. Field.

## Vacation Time.

BY L. D. STEARNS.

WE'VE said good-bye to our studies  
For a long and blissful time,  
While we roam the fields and meadows  
Where mystical voices chime.

The shy, sweet blooms of the woodlands,  
And those of our garden beds,  
Seem to whisper, "Welcome! welcome!"  
As they nod their graceful heads.

The birds are singing and winging;  
The trees, so stately and tall,  
Rustle, and whisper, and murmur;  
And the blue sky's over all.

There's fresh, sweet grass on the hillside;  
There are picnics, with their fun;  
There's whittling, fishing and tramping,  
For vacation has begun.

scolded Ruth. "I wish the boys would stop teasing and hunt."

"They must know where to find lots of flowers and are keeping it a secret from us. This seems like a time when the two classes should work in partnership instead of rivalry, but they must think otherwise."

"Well, we've tried faithfully," said Alma. "If the boys don't bring enough flowers, we'll just have to use Mrs. Dean's syringas and the few roses we can find, along with crepe paper ribbons. Ethel has a big boxful left from some of their class doings."

Myra was silent, but she had determined

that they should have something better than second-hand Dorcas-class decorations. "There are almost always plenty of wild flowers on the hill by Uncle Seth's," she reminded herself.

Uncle Seth had no telephone, but he was a very obliging man—and he drove his big auto truck to town every Saturday. Myra was hopeful as she thought over her plans on Friday morning.

"I'll only tell the girls that I may have some news for them to-night. As soon as school is out, I'll go down that road by myself; then if there are enough flowers to pay going after, we can all walk out early to-morrow and Uncle Seth will



bring us back in the truck. It'll be a sort of picnic!" she whispered.

Mrs. Arnold hesitated when Myra asked permission to be away again till supper-time. "I think you will have to carry this pattern to Mrs. Hunt, dear. It should have gone last night."

"Oh, it'll be only a little out of my way to stop there," said Myra; but as she was tripping blithely down the steps, grandmother called.

"Please bring me a nice bunch of peppermint from the brook under the hill to-night, Myra girl."

"All right, Grandma," she answered promptly, though it seemed to mean an end of the flower-hunting. "I do hope the boys know where to find enough," she thought; but whatever they knew they laughingly refused to tell.

After school Myra hurried to Mrs. Hunt's. Coming back she made her way across lots to the Barmer lane, which was a seldom-used road leading down the hill from almost directly opposite the church. "If I go this way for the peppermint, it will not be late when I get home," she planned. "It may be Marian's father can take us out the east road in his car. Why didn't I ask her or Alma at school? I never do think of riding anywhere when our own car and horses are in use."

Myra went racing along with scarcely a look about until she was at the foot of the hill. There she stopped short. "Oh, oh, oh!"

The young flower-hunter sat down on a big stone and laughed. "No wonder the boys made fun of me, if they've been down here lately! They probably have, because boys are always prowling about. I certainly am grateful to Grandma for wanting that peppermint tea. Perhaps I'll have some myself to-night."

It was a jubilant girl who carried home a big handful of the pungent herbs. One after another she called up all the Little Women who had telephones.

"Be at the church by two to-morrow with a knife or a pair of old scissors!" she urged gaily. "We may steal a march on the boys yet. No, I'll not tell a word more. Telephones leak sometimes!"

Clouds were threatening and a few drops of rain came pattering down as Myra led her classmates around the bend of the hill. There was a full chorus of "Oh's!" this time; then they all set briskly to work.

"Daisies and buttercups growing side by side. That's what I call thoughtful of them," chuckled Marian.

"Yes, and so many! Who'd have thought we could find such *thousands* of daisies anywhere about?"

"Nobody would have guessed it, but I thought the boys saw and would be here as soon as we. Do you suppose they've found another regular garden somewhere?"

"Let's hope they have," said May. "It's soon going to rain hard." Even as she spoke, the drops came pelting faster, and the girls started to run for shelter.

"Not up the hill! Here is an old shed," called Myra.

There was a quantity of clean hay in the shed, so the girls dropped their flowers and sat at ease. It proved to be a real

storm of more than an hour; but they cheerfully told tales and sang songs, too comfortable and well satisfied with their flower-gathering to mind what went on outside.

"We're a lovely procession!" exulted May, as they finally made their way, single file, up the winding, gravelly hill. "When I look back, it seems to be all one moving mass of yellow and white!"

In the church vestibule they were met by three delighted young ladies and a group of sheepish, bedraggled boys with a very few garden blossoms. "The Little Men absolutely fell down on this stunt," said Dick. "We were so sure of flowers on the Nash road that we didn't do a thing beforehand, except to tease. It's Myra-Keep-At-It that saved this Children's Day!"

"Everything isn't done yet," Myra reminded him cheerily. "You boys can help by bringing water for the flowers and something to put them in. It'll take about a dozen gallon crocks for all these."

"We're glad there's a little left for us to do!" the boys agreed earnestly. "It's our part to run all the errands and clean up on Monday."

There had been hail with the rain, so that almost every flower outside was spoiled, but the people declared the church had never looked more beautiful than it did for Children's Day. Myra's brown eyes beamed with happiness as she looked and listened.

### Far Better Things.

BY KATE RANDLE MENEFE.

I DID not need a rocking-horse  
When I was young and small;  
I did not need a pushmobile  
Or fancy rubber ball.

I did not need a velvet coat  
Embroidered just for me—  
I had far better things than these  
In our mulberry-tree.

For there I rocked and swung and played;  
And dressed in leaves of green,  
A tree like ours was worth a lot  
Of store-bought things I've seen.

### When Queen Bee Left Home.

BY J. ARTHUR DUNN.

IN the hive under the apple-tree lived Lady Queen Bee with her Drone Bees and Worker Bees. Lady Queen Bee was a very busy person, because she was the mother of all the Bees and it was her business to be the ruler of the hive.

There were in the hive hundreds of Drone Bees and thousands of Worker Bees. The Drone Bees were good-for-nothing fellows, who ate honey and buzzed and hummed the most of the time. But the Worker Bees were up at break of day to do their work; and they didn't stop until the sun went down.

Lady Queen Bee, at the beginning of the summer, had instructed her Worker Bees to drive out some of the Drones from the hive, for they had been eating

too much of the honey supply; and she had thought that her troubles were about over when these Drones had been driven away. But now she was face to face with a more serious trouble: there was another Queen Bee in the hive.

Lady Queen Bee, shortly after the arrival of the queen, while sitting on her throne, noticed Busy Bee and Hurry Bee coming into the hive with a supply of tree gum, with which they were stopping up the cracks in the hive to make it warm for winter. She called them to her and said:

"Girls, how do you feel about this new Queen Bee who has just come out of the honeycomb? Do you want her for queen, or do you want me?"

"Your Ladyship," answered Busy Bee, "I prefer to be ruled by you, since you have made us a good ruler for many months." And Busy Bee bowed low before her queen.

"If it please you, Lady Queen Bee," replied Hurry Bee, who was one of the young Bees just hatched, "I should like to have Queen Bee for my queen, since you are getting old."

Lady Queen Bee dismissed them. Then she sat a long time and buzzed with her thoughts. She knew that nearly half the Bees in the hive should have the new queen for their guide, but it was a struggle for her to give over these young Bees to the new queen.

However, this was what she wisely decided to do. So she called the young queen to her.

"Queen," said Lady Queen Bee, "two Queen Bees cannot live together in the same house. Since I have been here longer than you, it is my house. I don't want to kill you. So I am going to give you a chance to go and take with you what Bees will follow you. Now, go."

Queen Bee, without stopping to thank Lady Queen Bee for letting her live, began to sound her buzz trumpets to the other Bees. And after they had gathered around to see what the noise was about, she said:

"I am going away from the hive, since Lady Queen Bee and I cannot live together. Those of you who are young and are anxious to get out of this crowded house to seek a larger home, come with me, and I shall try to be as good a leader as Lady Queen Bee has been."

Then young Queen Bee began to buzz again. And thousands of the younger bees followed her example. She then stretched her wings and flew away, with a great host of followers keeping very close to her.

When they had come to the last tree in the orchard, young Queen Bee settled down upon a limb. The other Bees, both Workers and Drones, followed her example, and soon the limb was a black mass of Bees.

In a short time a man came with a box and put it down on the ground below the limb. He then sawed off the limb and very gently lowered it, so that the Bees were near an opening in the box. After that it wasn't long until all the Bees were in the box, and Queen Bee was queen in her own new home.





## The Changed Gifts.

A SECOND COLONEL PEPPERPOD STORY.

BY GRACE DOWNEY TINKHAM.



"**A**WRK! Awrk!" screamed Polly, just as Aunt Plumey, Colonel Pepperpod's large, black-haired sister, stepped into the kitchen of their big stone house on Twillinger Hill to speak to Georges about the jelly tarts—Georges, you know, is the funny little Frenchman with the gray goatee who has cooked in the Colonel Pepperpod home for years. "Awrk! Awrk!" continued Polly, loudly.

Aunt Plumey jumped at the sound and stared around at the cage, standing on the floor in one corner of the kitchen, in which Polly climbed about.

"Hello, Polly! Polly wants a cracker! 'In the gloaming, oh, my darling,'" sang she. Polly seemed familiar with only old-fashioned songs. "Pretty Polly! Awrk!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Aunt Plumey. "Where did that parrot come from, Georges?"

Georges gave his shoulders a puzzled shrug and lifted his hands in a tragic gesture.

"I step out to the ice-chest for ze lard," replied he, "and when I step back, zere stand zat very bird!"

When Georges was not excited he could use fairly good English, but Polly had disturbed him.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed the bird, shrilly. "Meouw—meouw!"

"Phst! phst!" came sharply from Fluff the Persian kitten atop the kitchen cabinet, where she had taken refuge, her back arched angrily, her yellow eyes spitting fire.

Chappy, the Airedale terrier, crouched under the kitchen table, eyeing Polly in an unfriendly fashion, and growling.

"Oh, dear me, dear me!" wailed Aunt Plumey. "We can never have this hubbub! The whole household would be upset."

Just then Colonel Pepperpod, hurrying through the kitchen with golf-bag slung over one shoulder on his way to the links, stopped to see what was going on.

"Colonel, does this parrot belong to you?" asked his sister.

The fat little colonel turned to look at the parrot.

"Not mine," said he. "It must be either Trix's or Jimmy's."

"Hello! Hello, old top!" saucily greeted Polly, twisting her bright green head sideways and eyeing him sharply with her beady eye.

"Old top! Old top!" laughed the colonel heartily.

"Ha-ha-ha!" Polly joined in. Then suddenly she changed and sang in a rasping voice, "Kiss me again, kiss me again!"

"Kees you again, kees you again!" cried Georges, thoroughly out of sorts. "No one has kees you—at all!"

Colonel Pepperpod's white head went back, and he laughed until his rosy cheeks shook and his eyes filled with tears. As he ran from the kitchen and down the pebbled walk his chuckle drifted back to them, which seemed to amuse Polly, for again she started laughing, and mewing, so sending Fluff into nervous jumps on the cabinet top, and Chappy to barking fiercely beneath the table.

"I can never stand this!" declared Aunt Plumey going to the door, where she called clearly:

"Trix, Little Trix!"

Almost at once Trix's sleek brown head popped from the garage and he came running to see what was wanted.

"Trix," asked Aunt Plumey seriously, "do you know who brought this parrot here?"

The grave-looking face of Little Trix became glad, and his nice eyes searched Aunt Plumey's anxiously.

"Jimmy bought it," said he. "O Aunt Plumey, don't you like it?"

"I do not dislike Polly," admitted Aunt Plumey. "But she is altogether too disturbing with her loud chatter. She has Georges all excited now; and Fluff and Chappy ready to pounce upon her at a moment's notice! We cannot have anything like that."

"I—I'll talk to Jimmy, Aunt Plumey," promised Trix, "and get him to do something about it."

"Thank you, Trix," said Aunt Plumey, gratefully, as she returned to the kitchen.

Trix went down the steps and walked very slowly to the garage, where he and Jimmy were helping Ivan, the young Russian chauffeur, clean the machines. Trix walked slowly; he wanted time to think. How could he ever tell Jimmy! Poor little Jimmy who had saved every penny for months and months, money he had earned running errands and doing odd jobs for people, that he might buy the polly for Aunt Plumey's birthday! And now—

Trix found Ivan and Jimmy still busily drying and polishing, and he took up his work near Jimmy.

After thinking very carefully for a while, Trix ventured:

"That little chest you made is fine, Jimmy. I was looking at it this morning."

"Yesterday I finished it," said Jimmy, proudly, "glass knobs for feet, and all. Ivan helped put the brass ring in the lid, to lift it with."

"You made it for Granny Sills, who lives alone in that little house away up on the hill, didn't you?" asked Trix.

"Yes," replied Jimmy. "Her house is so very small that I thought she would like to have a chest to put things away in."

"She lives there all alone," Trix remarked thoughtfully. "My, I should think she'd get lonely!"

"She does," put in Ivan. "One day Aunt Plumey sent me up there with yarn for Granny to knit into winter socks for the colonel, and she told me she was more than glad to have something like that to do, because she was so lonely."

Little Trix's face brightened.

"Oh, say, Jimmy, how would it be," he suddenly proposed, "if you gave the beautiful chest to Aunt Plumey, and Polly to Granny Sills?"

Jimmy's freckled little face grew dark; he took off his cap and rumbled his red hair, plainly disturbed.

"I bought the parrot for Aunt Plumey"—

"But you built the chest yourself," counselled Ivan, who considered the chest quite a wonderful piece of work for a little eight-year-old like Jimmy to accomplish. "One

usually values most the gift made by the giver."

"And it is such a fine chest," urged Trix. "All white enamelled, with glass knobs to stand on, and the shiny brass ring! It's great!"

"Maybe that would be best," admitted Jimmy at last, much to Trix's relief. "Because I built it Aunt Plumey will surely like it; and Polly will be just the thing for lonely Granny Sills."

Before Aunt Plumey's birthday guests had arrived, Ivan drove Trix and Jimmy, with Polly on the seat between them, up the hill to Granny Sills, where Jimmy presented his gift. To-day was Granny's birthday too. And of all the delighted little souls, she was the most delighted! She wrapped her thin little arms about Polly's cage and chatted and crooned to her; and how she laughed at the funny things Polly said! Then suddenly she drew Jimmy to her and kissed him, and she kissed Trix too, and even Ivan—much to that young man's embarrassment, for he was almost twenty.

"Oh, but I'm glad I gave Granny the parrot!" said Jimmy, as Ivan whirled them homeward. "Wasn't she happy, though!"

Before the jolly dinner-party had broken up and the guests had gone, Trix and Jimmy slipped upstairs and into Aunt Plumey's bedroom very quietly, carrying the little chest. They set it carefully on the table at the foot of her bed. Then Trix placed his gift, a willow tray which he had woven himself, beside it. A card was tied to each gift, bearing good wishes and the name of the giver. With admiring backward glances, they stole from the room.

Trix had really not cared a great deal about weaving. That seemed to him work for girls; but one day he had heard Aunt Plumey wish for a willow tray, so unselfishly he set about making one for her birthday. Hours after school he had spent with lame Mrs. Bliss, learning; and now that it was finished, strongly and evenly woven, Trix really felt proud of it.

Presently they heard Colonel Pepperpod ascend the stairs, open and close his door; then Aunt Plumey came up and went into her room. Breathlessly they sat on the edge of their beds, listening.

"Oh, my, my, my!" came her soft delighted voice. Silence followed in which she must have been reading the cards attached. "Beautiful! Beautiful!" Her door opened, her step sounded along the hall and stopped at their door. "Boys!" she called gently.

"Come right in, Aunt Plumey," Trix sang out. "We're not asleep."

Aunt Plumey swung back the door and swept into the room with open arms. For a time she held Trix and Jimmy tight to her heart—just as their own mothers must have held them, had Trix and Jimmy been able to remember so very long ago; but those real mothers could hardly have expressed greater tenderness and love than did good Aunt Plumey now,—and—yes, all through the many months past, ever since she and the colonel had taken them beneath their sheltering wings.

"They're wonderful, wonderful!" breathed she. "And to think that you made them yourselves! I shall always prize them because of that!"

And the last thing Little Trix heard that night before a dream ship carried him away, was Jimmy's happy voice saying:

"My, I'm glad you spoke of changing the gifts, Trix! My, but I'm glad!"





# THE BEACON CLUB



**OUR PURPOSE:** Helpfulness.

**OUR MOTTO:** Let your light shine.

**OUR BADGE:** The Beacon Club Button.

THE BLUE BIRD CLUB  
UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL  
CHARLESTON, S.C.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school, as you may see at the top of this letter. Our club is called "The Bluebirds," you may also see. I am ten years old and in the high fourth grade at Crafts School. I am the secretary of our club. Mrs. A. L. Smith is my Sunday-school teacher. We are studying "Children of the Father." I wish to become a member of the Beacon Club. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. I like the stories very much, especially "Footprints in the Snow." I also like the letters and Recreation Corner.

Our minister's name was Mr. Gray; he was very nice; we are all sorry he has left us. I do not know our present minister's name. Our real minister is coming soon.

I would like to write any of *The Beacon* readers.

Your unknown friend,  
MARY CLYDE EVANS.

BEAVER HARBOR,  
CHARLOTTE COUNTY, N.B.

Dear Miss Buck,—Since I have been reading *The Beacon* and also letters I thought that I would like to join the club and get acquainted with some of the girls.

I joined the Baptist church two years in March. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Neil Cross.

I will close with best regards to the Beacon members and hoping that I can become a member.

I would be pleased to hear from any of the girls of my age, fourteen years, or older.

I remain yours truly,

LILIAN HAWKINS.

ELM STREET,  
MENDON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a little boy ten years old and go to the Unitarian Sunday-school

here. The Sunday-school is one hundred years old. Our minister's name is Rev. John N. Mark. We like him very much, as he always has something interesting to tell us. I would like to correspond with some boy of my age. I would like to join the Beacon Club and wear its button. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday.

Yours truly,

CLAYTON BROWN.

43 BANCROFT PARK,  
HOPEDALE, MASS.

TO THE BEACON CLUB:

Dear Friends,—I am interested in your little weekly paper *The Beacon*. I like to solve the puzzles and read your stories, which are worth reading.

I am eight years old and would like to join the Beacon Club. Will you kindly send me a pin so that I can show it to my friends who are readers of your paper?

A Reader of *The Beacon*,

E. RAYMOND TURNER.

Other new members are Miriam Greely, Windsor, Vt.; Gladys Brown and Vera Larkin, New London, Conn.; Deborah Thompson, Presque Isle, Me.; Marie Schinka, Cincinnati, Ohio; Dorothy Downing and Bernice Harvey, Newport, R.I.; Miriam Charles, Erie, Pa.; Frances Ludlow, Monroe, Wis.

New members in Massachusetts are Anna Bacon, Barnstable; Mabel Foster and Doris Sands, Beverly; Edith Macdonald, Concord; Robert Campbell, Grotton; Burt L. Prouty, Hudson; Eunice C. Pratt, Kingston; Dorothy Aldrich, Ware; Betty Linscott, Woburn.

## A Wish for the Summer.

BY THE EDITOR.

GOOD-BYE, boys and girls, for a few months. This is the last number of *The Beacon* for the present. A new volume will begin with the first Sunday in October, when our little paper will greet you again.

The Editor wishes you a happy summer. May you play more than you hope you can, work more than you think you can, and love more than you know you can, with God's help.

## A Marching Song for Flag Day.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

WE'RE America's sons, every one,  
And our footsteps they never will lag

Swinging proudly along

With a shout and a song

As we march, march, march with our flag!

We are boys, but we're patriots too,

Who are going some day to be men,

And our hearts are as true

To the Red, White, and Blue

And as faithful as they will be then.

So with shoulder to shoulder we march

Loyal sons of the grand U.S.A.

With our banner so fair

Floating high in the air

As we march, march, march on our way!

## Church School News.

MISS Annie E. Pousland is Superintendent of the school of the Second Unitarian Church of Salem, Mass. The school is just closing a successful year. With sixty members, there has been an average attendance of forty-five. A Pilgrim Club was organized and has done good work. There has been an average attendance of twenty-two church-school members at the church service, and on Easter Sunday twenty-six members of the school signed the church covenant.

The school of the First Unitarian Church in Milwaukee was organized last September with sixteen members, and has now twenty-eight. The regular attendance keeps close to one hundred per cent. of the membership.

The school has recently introduced the form of service arranged by Mr. Bowden of Milford, N.H., and finds it very successful. The First Primary Class of eight members recently won the school banner for a month for the highest attendance record.

Schools have been organized during the spring months in our churches in Memphis and Chattanooga, Tenn. Heartiest good wishes to these new schools for their growth and prosperity!

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA LXXV.

I am composed of 14 letters.  
My 9, 5, 13, 1, is not the first.  
My 7, 11, 4, is a boy's name.  
My 10, 5, 13, 2, is a whip.  
My 6, 12, 4, is an edge.  
My 14, 3, 8, is a fish.  
My 8, 6, 14, means before.  
My whole is the song of what nation?

D. H.

### ENIGMA LXXVI.

I am composed of 22 letters.  
My 5, 2, 16, 8, is worn on the foot.  
My 15, 13, 14, 8, is the minister's theme.  
My 10, 19, 1, is made from a tree.  
My 20, 2, 3, 5, 6, is what a dull pupil is sometimes called.  
My 4, 9, 12, is a loud noise.  
My 22, 21, 17, 9, 8, 7, is done in class.  
My 11, 3, 18, is a small piece of land.  
My whole is a message to our readers.

J. W.

### WORD SQUARE.

1. Any wide space not enclosed.
2. To cover with blocks of stone or wood.
3. At any time.
4. A Roman emperor who was very cruel.

MIRIAM LLOYD.

### HIDDEN NEW ENGLAND CITIES.

1. David overcame Goliath.
2. Bears live in dismal dens.
3. Is this for sale, may I ask?
4. In the fall a wren ceases to sing.
5. The stone hit aunt on the head.
6. It was a cold day.
7. The camel rose slowly from his knees.
8. Is this a new tonic?
9. It is not new; haven't you tried it?
10. The Amazon is the broadest of all rivers.

ELLEN A. CALL.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 34.

ENIGMA LXXI.—Pennsylvania.

ENIGMA LXXII.—The Maple Leaf Forever (the national song of Canada).

WORD SQUARE.—FAST  
ALOE  
SOON  
TENT

ROYAL GEOGRAPHY.—1. Cape Elizabeth. 2. Marietta (Marie Antoinette). 3. Bismarck. 4. St. Helena. 5. Annapolis. 6. King William Land.

HIDDEN BIBLE CITIES AND TOWNS.—1. Bethany. 2. Cana. 3. Tyre. 4. Rome. 5. Babylon. 6. Philippi. 7. Hebron. 8. Ramoth. 9. Sidon. 10. Nineveh.

Correct answers to all the puzzles in No. 30 were sent by Dana Humphrey, Lynn, Mass. Answers to other puzzles have also been received from Josephine Parkhurst, Nashua, N.H.; Louise Kidder, Winchester, Mass.; and Harriet Folger, Nantucket, Mass.

## THE BEACON

FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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